A DAY AMONG THE PLOVER ON THE UPLANDS OF KANSAS.

During the month of April Kansas is annually visited by millions of plover. These game birds remain with us for a couple of weeks. To-day they may be plentiful, to-morrow gone, the next day they reappear. They love to feed on ground over which prairie fires have recently swept. They lie, sleeping apparently, in the fields of growing wheat. They also frequent freshly ploughed fields, closely following the ploughmen as they turn the furrows. They are exceedingly shy of footmen. A few can be shot by walking alongside of the ploughmen until within range; but the birds soon become shy, and seem to know that two men following one plough is not the orthodox method of ploughing, and they regard it as a highly suspicious proceeding. On the burned prairie, or in the wheat fields, the sportsman, if on foot, can rarely get within range of the birds. To secure good bags, you must shoot from a wagon. Success will, in a great measure, depend on the skilfulness of the driver. The birds will feed unconcernedly as the wagon moves rapidly by them; but if headed directly for them, will take wing at once. Care must be exercised by the driver to get within thirty-five yards of one flank of the feeding birds, and when in the proper position—that is, when several birds are in line, the brake must be applied and the horses almost instantly checked. The stoppage of the wagon causes the birds to stand still and raise their heads. They will take wing in an instant, and the gunner must instantly discharge one barrel at the selected line as they stand on the ground, and the other as they rise, holding well above the rising birds, as they actually shoot upward for the first few yards. If several birds have been winged, and flutter and cry loudly as they attempt to fly, there is a chance that the plover, attracted by the cries of the wounded, will return and hover over the injured birds. If this occurs, and the gunner knows how to handle a breech-loading shotgun and the flock is a large one, the hunt is at an end. Enough birds will be secured to fill the game bags. Three months pass in Kansas from the time quail and chicken shooting close until the plover arrive; three months, during which the only shooting is of wild ducks, some seasons plentiful, but generally scarce.

The spring opened very late in Kansas this year. The wheat, usually high enough to afford cover for the immense flocks of plover resting on their migratory flight to the north, is this year retarded in its growth, and the plants are just through the ground, affording the tired birds but scanty cover. On the 7th of April the fore-flyers, heralding the coming of the main flight, arrived and whistled cheerily as they descended to the ground. That day many pieces of prairie grass were burned. The weather turned cold, and icy winds from the north delayed the arrival of the bulk of the birds for a few days. When riding over the prairie I saw solitary plover, prover in twos and threes, and occasionally little flocks of eight or ten. They were cold and seemed out of place, and I did not add to their apparent distress. A few days afterward the weather changed with the shifting of the wind to the south, and the next day was bright and warm. I heard at daylight the shrill whistle of a curlew, and I knew that the longed-for birds had arrived. I left the house as the sun was rising. The discordant notes of a flock of sandhill cranes circling high in the air was answered harshly by seven white cranes that were feeding in my cornfield. Again the sandhill cranes called to the white ones, and they, unable to resist the invitation given by their relatives, took wing and joined the circling birds. All filled the air with wild cries. Soon the south wind wafted them far to the north, and I could only see the white birds as the sun shone on them. I could hear them harshly scolding long after I had lost sight of them. Many flocks of wild geese that had been loitering in southern lands flew steadily northward toward their breeding grounds in the swamps of Rupert's Land, repeating along the oblique flanks of the exaggerated V their formation of flight, the directory calls of their leaders. Mallard ducks, with nervous stroke of wings, whizzed through the air as they hurried northward. Teal ducks softly whistled to each other as they also hurried to their northern breeding ground. Looking toward the burnt prairie south of my house, I saw a line of plover wavering in the air, rising and falling, then widely separating, to almost instantly form into line again, and then they slowly descended. I could hear their soft whistle of satisfaction as they settled on the barren ground.

I resolved to have a plover hunt. My wife volunteered to drive for me. On the first patch of burnt prairie the birds were plentiful. My wagon stopped at the proper place, and I shot at six plover standing in line. I killed two, and as the flock rose sent down two more. The flock did not hover over the dead birds, but settled at a distance of several hundred yards, and resumed feeding. I ordered Prince Rupert to retrieve the dead birds. He jumped out of the wagon and ran home. When young he had tried to retrieve a broken-winged hawk. He evidently took the plover for hawks. I retrieved the dead birds. Following the flock, I got a long shot from the moving wagon as they rose, and killed one. Again the birds refused to hover. They settled again, and again I got within long range as they took wing; but having to shoot from a wagon moving over the prairie, I missed with both barrels. This time the birds took to flight, and we soon lost sight of them far to the north.

Crossing the creek, I saw plover feeding in a prairie dog town. They were widely separated, and I decided to pick up single birds. Putting a handful of cartridges in my pocket, I got out of the wagon, and walking behind it, shot at the birds as they rose. In this way I secured five while going through the dog town. I found I was shooting well, and confident of making a good bag, I got into the wagon and we drove toward some high hills that had been recently burned over. Finding a flock, I got a fair shot and winged two birds. The flock returned and hovered twice. Each time I discharged two barrels into them. With loud whistles they flew northward, and I picked up twenty-one dead birds. A number of wounded recovered sufficiently to fly off. I think that a plover can carry away more shot than a cock prairie chicken. One bird, whose back was soaked with blood, rose at my feet. Seeing his condition, I saved a cartridge and lost the plover, as he flew out of sight. Moving on, we soon found a great flock with curlew scattered broadcast through it. The curlew ruined the shooting. Their sharp, shrill whistles were a signal that caused all the birds to rise. Again and again we drove past this flock. Repeatedly, warned by the curlew, they eluded us. Finally I got a shot at a self-appointed sentinel, and killed it. Another came dashing by, and I shot at it. I saw the bird fall two yards, and then with a quick flutter recover. It flew off with the lower portion of its long, curved bill dangling to and fro. I followed this bird until I bagged it with a long pot shot, and wasted an hour and a dozen cartridges in the pursuit. Meantime the plover had disappeared. The sun was low in the west before we found another flock. These birds hovered once over two plover that I had winged as they jumped from the ground, and with two barrels I killed seventeen of them.

We decided to go home. As we drew near to the creek I saw two men stealing wood from the railroad land. Seeing a wagon coming toward them, they stepped into the bushes. A flock of duck rose, with loud quacks of alarm, and flying down the creek a short distance, settled. My wife murmured, "Roast ducks are very good." I got out when opposite to the point where I had marked them down, and getting a good shot, killed two mallard drakes.

The sun was down. The booming of the cock prairie chickens filled the air. Some twenty or thirty of them were on a knoll displaying their charms. A few hens, crouched low in the brown grass, looked on admiringly. The cocks strutted, fought, boomed, and distended the yellow sacs on their necks, and boomed again. One by one, cocks and hens took flight, until only two cocks, engaged in fierce combat, remained. These two, in their rage, were apparently indifferent to our near approach. It is against Kansas law to shoot prairie chickens in April; but what right had these birds to select my knoll for a cock pit? What right had they to enter on land sacred to the arts of the husbandman, and disturb the peace and render the shades of evening hideous with their brawling? I looked over the landscape. Everywhere, excepting on the knoll, quiet and peace reigned. Resolving to have harmony at any price, I slipped a cartridge into my gun, shot both the polygamous brawlers dead, and threw them into the box with the long-billed birds. I consider that I was justified in breaking the law in the interests of peace.

FRANK WILKESON.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Threescore.

I am not old and will not be;
I daily grow and joys are piled
About my life, as when a child
I blossom into Eternity.

And still for me the sunny day,
Outspring from mysterious night,
With dew of God's fresh breathing bright,
Glistens in all its primal ray.

Each morning is a buoyant birth;
Daily I rise up from the deep
Of bounteous, broad, prolific sleep—
The only death man knows on earth.

I grasp the wonders to my soul,
That flash their freshness far and near,
And tell how great is that career
That bears to me so vast a whole.

And at the multitudinous joy
Of being, without, within, I drink
As thirsty as when on the brink
I played and pried, a wondering boy.

And am I not an infant still?
Or should I pace a sixscore span,
What were it to th' eternal plan
Ordained me by Almighty will?

All earthly time is faggot smoke:
The soul is an upspringing flame,
That, kindled, mounts to whence it came
And frees itself from yearly yoke.

If I were old, the life within
Would cease to blossom thought and want,
And, like an hoar oak, branchless, gaunt,
Would dribble through a hollow skin.

But new thoughts gush, and wants, as bold
(And wider) as when twenty years
Through dauntless hopes and flying fears
Had shot me into manhood's mould.

High beauty's glory ne'er was higher,
Nor so ethereal yet its power,
Nor yet of reaching thought the dower
So glittering with celestial fire.

And never in those earlier days,
When joy was bold and hopes were new,
Were rainbows of such heavenly hue,
The future so with life ablaze.

The quick perennial now is mine
As much as in my wakeful youth—
Nay, more; for gleams of gathered truth
Their safety on its tempests shine.

This mighty now, this lord of life—
And yet of life itself the thrall—
Doth sparkle 'mid the sparkling all,
With transcendental vision rife;

With vision peering in the deeps
That deepen with the spiritual ken,
Aglow with blest revealings, when
The spirit toward its freedom leaps.

Life is no mouldering, sapless swathe,
Our clay-clad bones erect to hold;
'Tis flame that kindles worlds untold,
A fire whose warmest pulse is faith.

G. H. CALVERT.

Songs of the Sciences—Medicine.

From Punch.

Oh, would you study medicine, get learning anatomical,
First fill your mind with all the lore of muscles and of veins;
The names that they can boast of sound, you'll say, extremely comical,
But you must learn them ere you try to ease our aches and pains.
To grin derisively you use the *Musculus risorius*,
The Sternocleidomastoid serves to turn the head away;
We'll land upon Reil's Island, nor will think the work laborious,
To cross the *Pons Varolii* many times a day.

In course of time you'll learn, no doubt, the laws of Physiology,
With all that Foster, Carpenter, and Huxley well must know;
We'll hope you'll pay attention to Professors of Pathology,
And gaze on all the wonders that the microscope can show.
You'll find how blood goes through the lungs, and how they're oxidizing it;
How certain foods can do us good, while others do us harm;
The body's like a steam engine, 'tis really not surprising it
Should take a regular amount of fuel to keep warm.

With Chemistry, and Pharmacy, and Surgery and Botany,
And Jurisprudence Medical, I fancy you will find
Enough to fill a busy brain—that is, if you have got any;
You cannot cure the body till you've amply stored the mind.
You'll come when we are ill, like some benevolent minister;
Or gallant feats of surgery shall startle all the town;
While plunging into Lunacy you may become a Visitor
Appointed by the Chancellor, like Dr. Crichton-Browne.

Here, surely, is a grand career—to cure our poor humanity
Of all the ills to which our flesh is heir—a noble strife
To wage against each foul disease, disorder, and insanity—
To wrest the victory from death, and give the patient life.
And when you've studied all you can, in order categorical,
When you have worked at every branch of science under sun,
You'll find—the illustration's not my own, but is historical—
You pick up pebbles on the shore—you've only just begun!

Riding Down.

From the Hartford Times.

O did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells were mad with glee?

O did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannon's crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there, and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down,
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face—

My face, uplifted red and white,
Turned red and white, with sheer delight
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

O did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me—
That little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
O all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him, riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see.

He Died at Dawn.

From St. James's Gazette.

"This is the night when I must die,
And great Orion walketh high
In silent glory overhead;
He'll set just after I am dead.

"A week this night, I'm in my grave;
Orion walketh o'er the wave;
Down in the dark, damp earth I lie,
While he doth march in majesty.

"A few weeks hence and spring will come
The earth will bright array put on
Of daisy and of primrose bright,
And everything which loves the light

"And some one to my child will say,
'You'll soon forget that you could play
Beethoven; let us hear a strain
From that slow movement once again.'

"And so she'll play that melody,
While I among the worms do lie;
Dead to them all, forever dead;
The churchyard clay dense overhead.

"I once did think there might be mine
One friendship perfect and divine;
Alas! that dream dissolved in tears
Before I'd counted twenty years.

"For I was ever commonplace;
Of genius never had a trace;
My thoughts the world have never fed,
Mere echoes of the book last read.

"Those whom I knew I cannot blame;
If they are cold, I am the same;
How could they ever show to me
More than a common courtesy?

"There is no deed which I have done,
There is no love which I have won,
That make them for a moment grieve
That I this night their earth must leave."

Thus, moaning at the break of day,
A man upon his deathbed lay;
A moment more and all was still;
The Morning Star came o'er the hill.

But when the dawn lay on his face,
It kindled an immortal grace,
As if in death that life were shown
Which lives not in the great alone.

Orion sank down in the west
Just as he sank into his rest;
I closed in sorrow both his eyes,
And watched him till the sun's uprise.

Three Fishers.

From the Boston Post.

Three fishers went strolling away to the stream,
To the babbling brook where the fishes swim;
Of speckled beauties was all their dream,
And each hoped a trout might bite for him.
For men will tramp from morning till night,
And suffer the fierce mosquito's bite,
And [illegible] to stop their groaning.

Three fishers strolled into the market place,
Two hours or two after the sun went down,
And a look of gloom was on each man's face,
For at empty baskets they each did frown;
For men may fish, but may get no bite,
And tired and testy go home at night,
And vent their wrath in groaning.

Three fishers strolled into the beer saloon,
Where the crowd sat round and the gas was bright,
And each gayly whistled a merry tune,
And showed his fish with assumed delight,
For men will fish, yea, and men will lie,
And boast of catching the fish they buy,
While inwardly they're groaning.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Metternich Memoirs.

That portion of the memoirs of Prince Metternich which has been published in Europe is now reprinted by the Harpers. The work, when completed, will portray the whole life of the celebrated statesman from his birth, in 1773, to his death, in 1859. In the present volumes the biography is brought down to 1829, to the eve, that is, of the overthrow of Charles X., and of the agitation which that event occasioned throughout Europe. For eighteen years longer Metternich was to play the part of Chancellor in the Austrian monarchy, and during the eleven years which followed he was a keen observer of such important events as the revolutionary movement in Germany, the establishment of the second empire in France, the Crimean war, and the mutiny in England's Indian possessions. By far the most active and interesting part of his long life, however, is depicted in the pages now before us, for it is from these that we obtain new and copious information touching that Napoleonic epoch, which still awaits the verdict of history. It is for what Metternich has to tell us about the events and persons of that memorable period, and especially about Napoleon himself, that this book will be chiefly valued.

In weighing his evidence it is merely needful to bear in mind that Metternich was the son of a diplomatist in the Austrian service, that he followed his father's vocation, being rapidly advanced from one diplomatic post to another, until, in 1809, he began as Chancellor to shape the foreign policy of the Hapsburgs. Nor should it be overlooked that, although he was educated by a Protestant tutor, and studied at the progressive university of Strasbourg, he was never, even in youth, captivated by the doctrines of that French revolution of which he was to be the steadfast and redoubtable antagonist. The writer's point of view being, therefore, always that of an upholder of an absolutist theory of government and an aristocratic system of society, the reader will, of course, be on his guard to distinguish the assertion or infusion of opinion from the statement of facts, remembering that even facts are seldom transmitted in their integrity by a profoundly prejudiced eye-witness. It is just as well, too, to note that the pecuniary resources of the Metternich family were sorely straitened by the French revolution, the greater part of their estates, which lay on the left bank of the Rhine, being confiscated by the French republic soon after the outbreak of its long struggle with its reactionary neighbors.

Metternich was Austrian Ambassador at Berlin during the critical years of 1804-5, when every effort was made to induce Prussia to abandon its attitude of neutrality and join the coalition of Austria and Russia against Napoleon. Had Metternich succeeded in his mission, he might have materially changed the history of Europe. There is no doubt that just before the battle of Austerlitz the French army was in a very dangerous position, and had the Prussian forces been pushed forward in vigorous coöperation with the army of the Archduke Charles, which was advancing through Styria, it would seem that the chances of war must all have been in favor of the allies. Metternich seems to have been outmanœuvred at Berlin by the French agents and those Prussian Ministers who are alleged to have been in the pay of France. Not that the young Austrian Envoy was even then lacking in the astuteness and penetration for which he was afterward so conspicuous. He was not at all deceived, for instance, as to the true objective of the great military preparations which the French Emperor had for some time been making at Boulogne. Some years later, Metternich told Napoleon that he had never believed those measures were directed against England. "You are right," replied the Emperor, smiling; "never would I have been such a fool as to make a descent upon England, unless, indeed, a revolution had taken place within that country. The army assembled at Boulogne was always an army against Austria. I could not place it anywhere else without giving offence, and, being obliged to form it somewhere, I did so at Boulogne, where I could, while collecting it, also disquiet England."

After the peace of Pressburg, which followed the battle of Austerlitz, Metternich was transferred to the Embassy at Paris. He had not at this time seen Napoleon or Talleyrand, who was then French Minister for Foreign Affairs. Placed in this difficult position at the age of 33, he endeavored, we are told, to make clear to himself the line he ought to take. "Napoleon," he says, "seemed to me the incarnation of the revolution, while in the Austrian power, which I had to represent at his court, I saw the surest guardian of the principles which alone guarantee general peace and political equilibrium." It is a curious fact that Metternich's assignment to Paris was made at Napoleon's instigation. The Austrian statesman says dryly in his autobiography that he cannot call this a good inspiration of the French Emperor's, since, while it gave him the opportunity of appreciating Napoleon's merits, it also discovered to him the faults which at last freed Europe from the oppression under which it had languished. Looking back on the eventful year of 1806, Metternich assures us that France at that time felt the need of order and tranquillity, and would easily have been guided in that direction, if Napoleon's love of conquest had not forced it into a situation which ultimately led to his ruin. War with Prussia, indeed, was imminent, yet Napoleon might have so acted as to avoid it. This he would not do, but the consequences might still have justified the choice he made had he not abused his triumph. According to Metternich's opinion, Napoleon reached the summit of his power in the victory at Jena. If, instead of the destruction of Prussia, he had limited his ambition to the weakening of that State, and had then annexed it to the Confederation of the Rhine, the enormous edifice which he had succeeded in erecting would have gained a foundation of strength and solidity that the peace of Tilsit did not give it. On the contrary, the conditions of that peace were so harsh and overstrained, that they materially contributed to his downfall. Metternich thinks the political mistake here committed by Napoleon arose from the false idea he had formed of the complete exhaustion of the Prussian power. He believed that he could leave it to die a natural death, and in his calculation the kingdoms of Westphalia and Saxony were the natural heirs of Prussia.

Metternich throws a great deal of light on the actual state of public opinion in France at the very period during which the Emperor was winning his most brilliant victories. His evidence on this head coincides with that of Mme. de Rémusat. "A stupor," he says, "reigned in Paris, produced by a sense of the weight which the Emperor had laid on all classes of society." It is true that no person of any influence ventured to express aloud any sentiment unpleasant to the Government, but the absence of anything like enthusiasm was sufficiently significant. The impression made on the public by the news of a battle gained by Napoleon was it seems, certainly not that of joy; it was, at best, satisfaction that France had escaped the consequences of defeat, and at seeing that her internal peace would not, at all events, be endangered. An unmeasurable feeling of unrest pervaded society amid the official rejoicings for a victory of the French army, since everybody knew that these successes made new ones necessary to hold the ground already won. Metternich tells us that the phrase *gloire nationale*, which acted like magic on the next generation, had not the same effect on the eye-witnesses of Napoleon's career. It appears that the craving for repose prevailed, not only among the masses, but was shared even by Napoleon's companions in arms. These men had been, for the most part, taken from the lower ranks of the army and raised to the height of military honor. They had become extremely rich from foreign spoil and the calculated generosity of the Emperor. For example, the Prince of Neufchatel (Berthier) had a yearly income of more than 1,200,000 francs; Marshal Davoust had property which brought him in an income of a million; Massena, Augereau, and many other Marshals and Generals were equally wealthy. Not only these men, but such high civil officials as Talleyrand and Fouché, disliked to stake their honors and possessions on the chances of war. Many, too, in civil life, had risen to great wealth, although one source of riches which had been turned to account during the revolutionary epoch was now exhausted. The war which Napoleon declared upon the fraudulent army contractors, and the strict order he introduced into all dealings with the public money, made the trading and speculating classes bitterly averse to the warlike policy which formerly had their best wishes. In a word, France was anxious for peace, and Metternich pronounces it a great blunder of the European courts at that time that, in their political action, which was exclusively prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, they did not take this fact into account.

Before noting what Metternich has to tell us about the marriage of the French Emperor to the Archduchess Maria Louisa, it may be well to look at that part of the memoir which offers "contributions to the portrait of Napoleon." Metternich had never seen Napoleon until the audience which the Emperor gave him at St. Cloud, when he delivered his credentials. The Emperor was standing in the middle of one of the rooms, wearing the Guards' uniform, and having his hat on his head. This latter circumstance—improper in any case, for the audience was not a public one—struck Metternich as misplaced pretension, showing the parvenu, and the ambassador even hesitated, for a moment, whether he too should not cover. His attitude seemed to show constraint, and even embarrassment. His short, broad figure, negligent dress, and marked endeavor to make an imposing effect combined to weaken in the beholder the feeling of grandeur naturally attached to the idea of a man before whom the world trembled. "This impression," writes Metternich, "has never been entirely effaced from my mind; it was present with me in the most important interviews which I have had with Napoleon at different epochs in his career. Possibly it helped to show me the man as he was behind the masks with which he knew how to cloak himself. In his freaks, in his fits of passion, in his brusque interpellations, I saw prepared scenes, studied and calculated to produce a certain effect on the person to whom he was speaking." Elsewhere in his autobiography, Metternich returns to the same subject. We are told that, simple and even easy as Napoleon was in private life, he showed himself to little advantage in the great world. According to this memoir, it would be difficult to imagine anything more awkward than Napoleon's manner in a drawing room. He walked by preference on tiptoe. The pains which he took to correct the faults of his nature and education only served to make his deficiencies more evident. Metternich confirms one of Mme. De Rémusat's assertions by assuring us that "out of his mouth there never came one graceful or even well turned speech to a woman, although the effort to make one was often expressed on his face, and in the sound of his voice. He spoke to ladies only of their dress, of which he declared himself a severe judge, or perhaps of the number of their children, and one of his usual questions, put in terms seldom heard in good society, was whether they had nursed their children themselves." He sometimes tried to catechise them touching their private relations, a proceeding which more than once exposed him to repartees which he was not able to return.

What most struck Metternich in his frequent and confidential relations with the Emperor was the remarkable perspicuity and grand simplicity of Napoleon's mind. Seizing the essential points of subjects, stripping them of useless accessories, developing his thought till he had made it perfectly transparent and conclusive, always finding or inventing the fit word for the thing, his conversation was full of power and charm. He did not talk, he perorated; by the wealth of his ideas and the facility of his execution he was able to lead the conversation. One of his habitual expressions was: "I see what you want; you wish to come to such or such a point; well, let us go straight to it." He did not fail, however, to listen to comments and objections; he accepted, questioned, or refuted them without losing the tone or overstepping the bounds of a business discussion; and Metternich pays Napoleon the high compliment of acknowledging that he never felt the least difficulty in saying to the Emperor what he believed to be the truth, even when it was not likely to please his auditor.

It frequently happened that Napoleon turned the conversation into historical discussions. Metternich notes that while these discussions generally revealed an imperfect knowledge of facts, they attested, at the same time, an extreme sagacity in appreciating causes and foreseeing consequences. Napoleon guessed more than he knew, and while lending to persons and events the color of his own mind, he explained them in an ingenious manner. As he always made use of the same quotations, it is inferred that he must have drawn from a very few books, and those principally abridgments, setting forth the most salient points of ancient history and of French annals. He had charged his memory, however, with a collection of names and facts sufficiently copious to impose on those whose studies had been even less thorough than his own. His heroes, it seems, were Alexander, Cæsar, and above all Charlemagne. He was, indeed, singularly occupied with his claim to be the successor of Charlemagne by right and title, and would lose himself in interminable efforts to sustain this paradox. Of scientific knowledge Metternich thought that Napoleon had but little, although his partisans encouraged the belief that he was a profound mathematician. As a matter of fact, his knowledge of mathematics would not have raised him above the level of any officer destined, as he was himself, for the artillery, but his natural abilities supplied the want of technical acquirements. He valued only those sciences which can be controlled and verified by the senses, or which rest on observation and experience. The turn of his mind always led him toward the positive; he disliked vague ideas, and hated equally the dreams of visionaries and the abstraction of idealists, treating as mere nonsense everything that could not be clearly and practically demonstrated. He became a legislator and administrator, as he became a great soldier, by following his own instinct. Metternich does not stint his admiration of Napoleon's administrative talents, which there has been of late a tendency somewhat to underrate.

Metternich's portrait of Napoleon is peculiarly satisfactory, because, although by no means prejudiced in his subject's favor, he can appreciate him equally as a man of thought and a man of action. He notes that in practice, as in discussion, Napoleon went straight to the end in view, without being delayed by considerations which he deemed secondary, and of which perhaps he too often disdained the importance. The most direct line to the object was that which he chose by preference; but being no slave to his plans, he knew how to give them up or modify them the moment that his point of view changed or new combinations gave him the means of compassing his purpose by a different path. It was by the concentrated energy of his character, coupled, of course, with the activity and lucidity of his intellect and his specific genius for military strategy and tactics, that he rose to the level of the position in which fortune, however, had a large share in placing him. Metternich, indeed, does not doubt that in whatever time Napoleon had appeared he would have played a prominent part. It is well added, nevertheless, that if we would gauge a man's abilities we must not neglect to measure the friction to be overcome. If the era of the revolution was, as Thiers sought to convince us, the most glorious epoch of modern history, it is indisputable that Napoleon, who was able to take the first place in it, and keep his supreme position for fifteen years, must be accounted one of the greatest men who have ever appeared upon the earth. If, on the other hand, as Metternich shrewdly insinuates, Napoleon only had to move, like a meteor, above the mists of a general cataclysm; if he found nothing around him but the débris of a social structure, shattered by the excesses of a false civilization; if he only had to combat a resistance weakened by universal lassitude, futile rivalries, ignoble passions, to cope, in fact, with adversaries everywhere disunited and paralyzed—then it must be owned that the splendor of his success diminishes in proportion to the facility with which he seems to have attained it. Such being, in Metternich's opinion, the actual state of things, the Austrian statesman was in no danger of exaggerating Napoleon's greatness, though acknowledging that there was something extraordinary and imposing in his career.

Metternich takes a much more kindly view of Napoleon's private character than does Mme. de Rémusat. It is plain, however, that his means of information were much more limited, and perhaps he was less disposed to condemn certain vices. We are assured that Napoleon in private life, while he would not be described as amiable, was good natured, and even carried indulgence to the point of weakness. Metternich pronounces him a good son and good kinsman, and points out that the strength of will which was his distinctive trait seemed to fail him when his own interest prompted him to check the extravagant courses of some of his relations. His sisters, in particular, got from him everything that they wanted. Metternich had seemingly not heard or not credited the scandals which Mme. de Rémusat has transmitted to us, for he declares that "neither of his wives had anything to complain of from Napoleon's personal manners." Apropos of this matter, he quotes a saying of the Empress Maria Louisa. "I am sure," she said some time after her marriage, "that they think a great deal about me in Vienna, and that the general opinion is that I live a life of daily suffering. So true is it that truth is often not probable. I have no fear of Napoleon, but I begin to think that he is afraid of me."

Another remark of Metternich's shows that he divined much which Mme. de Remusat learned through her intimate relations with the imperial household. Thus—"Napoleon looked upon himself as a being isolated from the rest of the world, made to govern it and to direct every one according to his own will. He had no other regard for human beings than a foreman in a factory feels for his work people." The person to whom he was most attached was Duroc. "He loves me as a dog loves his master," was the expression Napoleon used in speaking to Metternich about him, and he compared Berthier's feeling for himself to that of a child's nurse for the infant she has suckled. It was his custom whenever he met with sentiments which he could not explain simply by interest, to attribute them to a kind of instinct. He was gifted with a particular tact for recognizing the men who could be useful to him, and discovered in them very quickly the side by which he could best attach them to himself. Never forgetting to seek the guarantee of their fidelity in a calculation of interest, he took care to join their fortunes to his own, involving them in such a way as to cut off the possibility of retreat. He had, above all, studied the national character of the French. According to the author of these memoirs, he privately regarded the Parisians as children, and often compared Paris to the opera. Metternich having reproached him one day with the palpable falsehoods which formed the chief part of his bulletins, he rejoined, with a smile: "They are not written for you; the Parisians believe everything, and I might tell them a great deal more which they would not refuse to accept." Apropos of these falsifications, it would seem that the pathetic allusion to Napoleon, officially alleged to have been uttered by Marshal Lannes when he fell, mortally wounded, at Aspern is spurious: "You have read," says Napoleon to Metternich, "the sentence I put into Lannes's mouth? He never thought of it. When the Marshal pronounced my name, they came to tell me, and immediately I declared he must be dead. Lannes hated me cordially. He spoke my name as atheists do the name of God when they come to die."

We can discern no trace of spite or bitterness in this portrait of Napoleon. It is evident that Metternich, according to his lights, tried to pronounce a sober and discriminating judgment. He has no patience, for example, with the attempt to impeach Napoleon's personal bravery. On this head it is remarked, "he was most tenacious of life, and since so vast a number of destinies were bound up with his, it was doubtless allowable in him to see something more in it than the pitiful existence of an individual. He did not think himself called upon to expose 'Cæsar and his fortune' simply to prove his courage. Other great commanders," it is added, "have thought and acted as he did. If he had not that stimulus which makes breakneck daring, that is certainly not a reason for accusing him of cowardice. The history of his campaigns suffices to prove that he was always at the place which was proper for the head of a great army." With equal decision Metternich refutes those calumniators who tax Napoleon with gross and puerile superstition. He declares that such an accusation must rest on false ideas or mistaken observations. "It is true enough that Napoleon believed in fortune, in the sense of recognizing the considerable share of chance in determining the issue of man's projects, and who," says Metternich, "has had so large an experience of the rôle it plays?" He liked to boast of his good star, and was glad that the common herd did not object to believe him to be a privileged being. But he did not deceive himself about himself, and, what is more, did not care, in conversation with men whom he respected, to credit fortune with too large a share in his elevation. Metternich often heard him say: "They call me lucky because I am able; it is weak men who accuse the strong of good fortune." According to Metternich, the Emperor was not irreligious in the ordinary sense of the word. He would not admit that there had ever existed a genuine atheist, and condemned deism as the result of rash speculation. He looked on Christianity as the basis of all civilization, and considered Catholicism as the form of worship most favorable to the maintenance of order and the true tranquillity of the moral world; Protestantism as a source of trouble and disagreements. His political system—which contemplated a vast confederacy, acknowledging the headship of France—he would have extended to the Church. He wished to make Paris the seat of Catholicism, and to detach the Pope from all temporal interests, while assuring to him the spiritual supremacy under the ægis of the French Emperor. Personally indifferent to religious practices, he respected them too much to permit the slightest ridicule of those who followed them. He had the greatest contempt for what he termed the pseudo philosophy and the pseudo philanthropy of the eighteenth century. Among the chief teachers of these doctrines, Voltaire was the special object of his aversion, and he even went so far as to attack the general opinion as to his literary power. Metternich suspects, however, what Mme. de Rémusat, with her better opportunities, was in a position to affirm, that religion was, with Napoleon, the result of an enlightened policy, rather than an affair of sentiment; but he seems to have taken care not to betray this secret to the Austrian ambassador. How much policy had to do, however, with his respect for religion might have been inferred from his showing himself so much impressed with the idea of deriving the origin of supreme authority from the Divinity. He said to Metternich one day shortly after his marriage with the Archduchess: "I see that the Empress in writing to her father addresses her letter to 'His Sacred and Imperial Majesty.'" Metternich explained that the practice arose from the tradition of the Holy Roman Empire, and that a similar title was attached to the apostolic crown of Hungary. Napoleon replied in a grave tone: "It is a fine custom, and a good expression. Power comes from God, and it is that alone which places it beyond the attacks of men. Hence I shall adopt the title some day." It was doubtless because he measured the influence of age and of proscription on the imagination, that he laid stress in talking with Metternich on his aristocratic birth and the antiquity of his family. He more than once endeavored to explain that envy and calumny alone could throw any doubt upon the nobility of his origin. "I am placed," he said to Metternich, "in a singular position. There are genealogists who would date my family from the deluge, and there are people who pretend that I am of plebeian birth. The truth lies between these two. The Bonapartes are a good Corsican family, little known, for we have hardly ever left our island, but much better than many of the coxcombs who take upon themselves to vilify us."

Elsewhere Metternich dilates upon Napoleon's weakness for his family. There is no doubt, he says, that many of the dynastic changes made in Europe were due to the covetousness of his brothers and sisters. All the members of this numerous clan were not, however, equally ambitious. Napoleon's mother, for instance, cared for nothing but money, and but for the express orders of her son would have invested the whole of her great income. When her children turned her extreme economy to ridicule she said to them, "You don't know what you are doing; the world will not always go on in this way, and if ever you come back on my hands you will be glad enough of what I have done to-day." It seems that by 1814, Mme. Lætitia had amassed a large sum of money, which she hid in a corner covered by a portrait of her late husband. The fact, and the place where the treasure was hid, being mentioned to Napoleon, he went to his mother's house and took away the money. Metternich thinks, however, that she must have carried away from France a fortune of nearly six millions of francs. According to these memoirs Napoleon took care to place near each of his relations a man whom he could trust, and it is asserted that the fortune of M. Decazes sprang out of the post which he occupied as secretary to Mme. Lætitia.

Two of Napoleon's sisters, we are told, were remarkable for their character; the third, Pauline, for her great beauty. Elisa, the eldest of the sisters, and who was also older than Napoleon, had a masculine mind, and both in character and appearance closely resembled her brother. But for the low extraction of her husband, Bagiocchi, and his entire want of intellectual faculties, Metternich has no doubt that this branch of the family would have been raised to a very high position. Of the three sisters, however, she had the least power over Napoleon, who feared and resisted her. Of Caroline Bonaparte it is observed that she joined to a pleasant exterior uncommon powers of mind. She had carefully studied the character of her brother, and did not deceive herself as to his defects, or all the dangers to himself and to his family likely to result from the excess of his ambition and love of power. She knew perfectly the weak side of her husband, Murat, and would have guided him had it been possible for any one to do so. Caroline exercised, it seems, great influence over her brother's mind, and it was she who cemented the family bonds. Her desire was to create for herself and her husband a position as independent as possible of Napoleon—a desire which sufficiently explains the conduct of the King of Naples at the crisis of his brother-in-law's fortunes in 1814. Of Pauline Bonaparte, Metternich tells us that she was as handsome as it is possible to be. She was in love with herself, and her only occupation was pleasure. Metternich speaks of her amiable character and extreme good nature, and says that Napoleon entertained a different sentiment for her from that with which he regarded the rest of his family. Pauline, he would often say, never asks me for anything. On her side, the Princess Borghese used to declare, "I do not care for crowns; if I had wished for one, I should have had it; but I left that taste to my relations." She had, it seems, a veneration for Napoleon which almost amounted to worship.

Metternich did not know either Joseph or Lucien Bonaparte personally. He had often, however, heard Napoleon describe Joseph as a man gentle in mind and temper, but incapable of undertaking a career which required much vigor. The author goes on to say that Napoleon thought well of Lucien's mind, but never ceased accusing him of uncontrolled and misdirected ambition. According to these memoirs, in the decisive interview between Lucien and his brother at Milan, the former offered as a pledge of reconciliation a declaration by his wife, given of her own accord, that she would be no obstacle to her husband's fortune. It is further alleged that Lucien agreed to leave his wife, but insisted on the recognition of his children. Reconciliation upon these terms was pronounced out of the question. The Emperor, after the conference with his brother, said to the persons collected in the anteroom: "Lucien will not give up his rubbish; he wants to prove to me that he has a hard head. I will show him that mine is harder than his." The brief but highly complimentary allusion which Metternich makes to Louis Bonaparte is strangely at variance with Mme. de Rémusat's portrait, but we scarcely need repeat that Josephine's lady-in-waiting had incomparably better opportunities of judging. "Louis," says Metternich, "was like a stranger in the family. Injustice alone could find anything to blame in his moral character." He goes on to say that "Jerome was clever, but the depravity of his manners, absurd vanity, and mania for imitating his brother in everything covered him with ridicule." We note another flagrant inconsistency with the view taken by Mme. de Rémusat in Metternich's reference to Hortense Beauharnais. "Endowed," he says, "with more intellect and a much larger ambition than her mother, Josephine's daughter always played a part in Napoleon's career. Napoleon loved her, and his kindness to her was the constant cause of jealousy between her and her sisters-in-law. More than one embarrassment in the personal situation of Napoleon, and even in the progress of affairs, was due to this cause." We are assured that all the individual peculiarities of his family were known to Napoleon, who did not hide from himself that he had been to blame in giving way to the insatiate vanity and greed of some of them. He said to Metternich one day in 1810, "I have clouded and obstructed my career by placing my relations on thrones. We learn as we go, and I now see that the fundamental principle of the old monarchies—that of keeping the princes of the reigning house in close and continual dependence on the throne—is wise and necessary. My relations have done me more harm than I have done them good, and if I had to begin again my brothers and sisters should have nothing more than a palace in Paris, and a few millions to spend in idleness. The fine arts and charity, not kingdoms, should be their domains."

Metternich has but little to say of Josephine, and this will most appropriately be noticed in connection with Napoleon's second marriage, which was unquestionably favored by the Austrian Chancellor. Meanwhile the transition is natural from the Bonaparte family to the Napoleonic aristocracy. We have mentioned some of the fortunes accumulated by French Generals. It was in 1808 that Napoleon unfolded his plan of a Napoleonic peerage, and that he conferred on his new nobles vast donations from the domains and revenues reserved to himself in the arrangements which followed the recent wars. Among other provisions calculated to bind the recipients of his favors indissolubly to his person was a law prohibiting the new nobility from selling to a foreigner the lands they had received. Nearly all the Ministers and Marshals were at this time made Dukes, large incomes being assigned to them for the support of the title. The Arch-Chancellor, Cambacérès, for instance, was given 150,000 francs in perpetuity from the revenues of Parma, from which State he took the title of Duke. A like revenue was bestowed on the Arch-Treasurer, Le Brun, who received the title of Duke de Plaisance. Marshal Ney told Metternich that the rents of the landed property conferred on him in Italy, Poland, Westphalia, and Hanover amounted to over 500,000 francs a year. He drew 300,000 more under various titles from the coffers of the State. MM. De Ségur, De Champagny, and Maret each received from 50,000 to 100,000 francs annually from land in Westphalia and Hanover. Savary found, one day, in his office, just as he was about to return to St. Petersburg, a check for 500,000 francs from the public treasury. It appears that every General who returned on a short leave of absence was presented with the equivalent of four, eight, or twelve thousand dollars with which to amuse himself for a few days in Paris, this being the express ground on which the gratuity was distributed. Nearly all the Generals of brigade received 10,000 francs a year in perpetuity—the Colonels between 2,000 and 8,000. A special mark of the sovereign's favor was bestowed on the Imperial Guard, all its officers being presented with a pension, transmissible to their descendants in the direct line, viz: 500 francs to the sub-Lieutenants, 1,000 to the Lieutenants, 2,000 to the Captains, and so on.

Metternich concurs with all other observers of the imperial régime in recognizing the power which Josephine long exercised over Napoleon. "She was gifted," he says, "with a character of extreme benevolence, and a quite peculiar social tact. Her mind was narrow, but in good direction. Her excessive taste for expense often led to painful explanations between her and her husband." Metternich thinks it would be unjust to attribute any of Napoleon's ambitious flights to her influence. On the contrary, she would have "put spokes, if she could, in the wheel of the chariot, on which, however, she had, in the early days of his fortune, directly assisted to place the future Emperor." It will be remembered that when the divorce of Josephine was mooted, as a preliminary to his marriage with the Archduchess, it became of the first importance to determine whether anything more than a civil marriage had taken place; if not, a divorce could be had under the French code, whereas, if the sacrament had been performed, the union was indissoluble. The same question had of course come up at the time of Josephine's coronation, for the Pope, of course, would never have consented to consecrate an informal connection which he would have regarded as concubinage. Mme. de Rémusat asserts that in order to quiet the scruples of the Pope the marriage rite was at that time secretly performed. Metternich was told a different story, which is repeated in these memoirs, and which it was his interest to believe. He asserts that several French Bishops assured the Holy Father that Napoleon and Josephine had really been united by the sacramental bond, and gave him details of the ceremony. According to Metternich, however, the Bishops were herein guilty of perfidy, and the Pope, some days after the coronation, learned that his credulity had been abused. This seems to us like a story concocted to deceive the Austrian ambassador, who, on his part, was unlikely to scrutinize it too narrowly. It is plain that Metternich strongly favored the marriage with an Archduchess as a matter of policy, foreseeing that Napoleon, through overconfidence in the hold he supposed himself to have on the court of Vienna, would be betrayed into fatal political and strategic blunders. It is certain that Metternich was the first person consulted by the Hapsburg Kaiser when the offer of marriage was made. Asked for his advice, the Chancellor with great adroitness declined to influence the decision of a father, while he intimated at the same time that the ruler's interest was manifest. The Kaiser refused to constrain his daughter, or to speak to her on the subject, and directed Metternich to lay the matter before her. The latter did so, we are assured, without attempting in the least to bias her judgment. We suspect, however, that he managed to infuse some notion of the bearing her answer might have on the fortunes of her father's house; for, after a moment's reflection she asked, "What does my father wish?" Being told that her father would not express his wishes—which, under the circumstances, was equivalent to admitting that they pointed toward a union with Napoleon—the Archduchess finally declared that not her will but the interest of the empire must be consulted. The offer was accordingly accepted, but with the express reservation that on neither side should any condition be attached to it. In this reservation, to which Napoleon had afterward abundant reason to regret having acceded, we recognize the hand of Metternich.

It is difficult to resist the impression that by this marriage with the Archduchess Napoleon was coaxed into a trap. He perceived the perfidy which had been practised on him when, after the battle of Lutzen, he endeavored to secure the aid or at least the neutrality of Austria. In the course of his interview with Metternich at that time, the Emperor broke out: "So I have perpetrated a very stupid piece of folly in marrying an Archduchess of Austria." "Since your Majesty desires to know my opinion," was Metternich's sardonic answer, "I will candidly say that Napoleon the conqueror made a mistake." "The Emperor Francis will then dethrone his daughter?" "The Emperor," replied Metternich, "knows nothing but his duty, and he will fulfil it. Whatever the fate of his daughter may be, the Emperor Francis is, in the first place, a monarch, and the interests of his people will always take the first place in his calculations"—"Well," interrupted Napoleon, "what you say does not astonish me; everything confirms my idea that I have made an inexcusable blunder. When I married an Archduchess, I tried to weld the new with the old, Gothic prejudices with the institutions of my century; I deceived myself, and I this day feel the extent of my error. It may cost me my throne, but I will bury the world beneath its ruins."

These memoirs of Metternich will always possess much value for the student of the political history of Europe during the first half of the present century. Their author, however, was to witness before he died the collapse of the political system whose establishment had been the object of his life, and there is not a little irony in the fact that the portion of his work which is scanned with special eagerness by the general reader is precisely the part devoted to the man he helped to overthrow, and to the revolutionary spirit he strove to stifle. M. W. H.

Prof. Helmholz on German and English Universities.

In the collection of *Lectures* by Prof. H. HELMHOLZ of Berlin, lately published, there are several papers of much value from a scientific point of view, and there is one certain to interest a wide circle of readers. We refer to the inaugural address delivered on the installation of the author as Rector of the University of Berlin, in the course of which the German and English systems of education are compared. When we bear in mind that Prof. Helmholz had previously held the place of Rector in the University of Heidelberg, we can appreciate his competence to discuss the subject, and can understand why his strictures on the range and methods of the instruction given at Oxford and Cambridge should have provoked a good deal of discussion in England.

Prof. Helmholz begins by reminding us that all the European universities of the middle ages were, in their inception, free private unions of students, for the most part men of mature years, who came together under the influence of celebrated teachers, and themselves arranged their own affairs. The change in the universities to their present constitution was caused mainly by the fact that the State granted to them material help, in return for which it exacted the right of coöperating in their management. Notwithstanding the reforms which have gone on since the year 1854, no exception can be taken to Prof. Helmholz's statement that the least change has taken place in the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge. To this day they both retain, to a considerable extent, their traditional character as schools for the clergy, whose instruction laymen may also share, in so far as it can serve the general education of the mind; they are still subjected to such a control and mode of life as was formerly considered to be good for young priests; they still live in colleges, under the superintendence of a number of older graduate members. Prof. Helmholz does not advert to the signal expansion in the circuit of instruction brought about by the creation of the schools of physical science, of law and history; but so far as concerns the field of study embraced in the principal school—that of *literæ humaniores*—we do not see that exception can justly be taken to his criticism. He insists that the range and method of the instruction bestowed on an aspirant for a first class in "Greats" is nothing more than highly developed gymnasial instruction. He is careful to admit, however, while denying to such training the name of university education, that the acquirements of the students are controlled by searching examinations, in which very